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A TRANSLATION OF
VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.
FOR THE STUDENT.

R. M. MILLINGTON, M.A.

~~290.9.14~~





A TRANSLATION
OF
VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES
INTO RHYTHMIC PROSE.

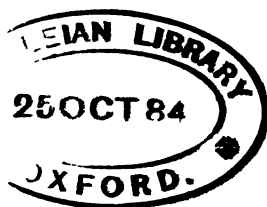
With Notes,
BASED ON THOSE IN PROFESSOR CONINGTON'S EDITION.

BY
R. M. MILLINGTON, M.A.,
TRANSLATOR OF HORACE.

FOR THE STUDENT.

LONDON:
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—
1870.

29891. f. 1.



THE Author of this translation believes that Classical Poetry should not be rendered into the same kind of prose as Classical Prose, if intended to aid the student. It may appear to some unnecessary to say this, but it is to be feared there is good reason for the remark with regard to this part of Virgil, and other portions of classical poetry.

This is an attempt to provide the student with a translation which, though literal, may not give him, at all events, awkward English.

THE BUCOLICS.

ECLOGUE I.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet introduces two shepherds speaking alternately, one of whom is enjoying rustic life and singing the praise of his love, and contemplating his cattle browsing undisturbed, when he meets the other, who has just been expelled from his farm, and is driving his goats before him, with nothing but exile in prospect. Virgil alludes, under cover of the shepherd's character, to his own dispossession by the victorious soldiers of Antony and Octavianus, as Augustus was then called. The scenery is, as in other Eclogues, confused; the trees, rocks, caves, &c., belonging to Sicily, the marshy river (probably the overflow of the Mincius) referring to Mantua. The names *Tityrus*, *Galatea*, and *Amaryllis* are borrowed from Theocritus, but in other respects the poem is original.

MELIBOEUS. ¹You, Tityrus, reclined beneath the spreading beech-tree's shade, compose the pastoral lay upon the simple oaten pipe, while I am exiled from my country's boundaries and pleasant fields. Yes; I my country as an exile quit, while Tityrus, you, ²free from care, in shady bowers, instruct the woods to echo beauteous Amaryllis' name.

¹ 1—5. How is it, Tityrus, that, while I am wandering an out-cast from my native fields, you play the happy shepherd, lying in the shade and singing the praises of your mistress?

² *Lentus* = *securus*.

Forbiger observes that the Italians pasture their cattle in summer among the woody slopes of the mountains.

TITYRUS. ¹Dear Meliboeus, 'twas a god who gained for me this peaceful life, for surely he by me shall aye be honoured as a god; his altar many a tender lamb shall stain with blood from fold of mine. He, as you see, both let my oxen ²roam (*in safety*) and myself play on the shepherd's pipe whate'er I pleased.

MELIBOEUS. ³Indeed I envy not (*thy lucky lot*), but am astonished more, so dreadful is the tumult all the country through. See, I myself in body faint and sick at heart, the she-goats onward drive. Nay, Tityrus, this one ⁴I scarce can drag along. For here just now, amid the hazel's thickest shade, with many a labour-throe, she brought forth twins, and cruel! left them, hope of all the flock, upon the naked flinty soil; and well I recollect that oft the oaks by lightning struck were warning me of this mishap, had but ⁵my mind been then from folly free. But tell me, Tityrus, what sort of god that is you talk about.

TITYRUS. ⁶Why, Meliboeus, in my folly I thought

¹ 6—10. This rural liberty I owe to one who will ever be as a god to me, *i.e.*, Octavianus, as Augustus was then called.

² The infinitives *errare* and *ipsum ludere* are used as accusatives.

Turbatur, *i.e.*, *a militibus*.

³ 11—19. Well, I do not grudge you your lot. I only wonder that such peace can exist amid such troubles. You see me weary with driving my flock, one of which has just dropped her young dead; although I might have foreseen this from the warning I have had. But about this god of yours?

⁴ The kids would naturally soon die when dropped on stony ground instead of soft grass.

⁵ *Non* goes with *laeva*, not with *fuisse*.

The striking of a person or thing by lightning was regarded as an omen of evil.

If Pomponius be right in supposing that the blasting of the oak foreboded banishment, *malum hoc* will refer to the exile of Meliboeus instead of the loss of the twins.

⁶ 19—25. Why, I used to suppose that Rome was different from our Mantua merely as a dog differs from a puppy, but I found it much more like the difference between a cypress and an osier. The difference was not in degree, but in kind.

that the town which men call Rome was like this Mantua of ours, to which we shepherds are accustomed oft ¹to drive our tender lambs (*for sale*). For thus I knew that puppies were like dogs, kids like their dams; thus used I to ²compare great things with small. But Rome ³rears her proud head as high 'mid other towns as ⁴cypresses in beds of pliant osiers would.

MELIBŒUS. ⁵And what so strong a reason had you for this visit paid to Rome?

TITYRUS. 'Twas liberty, which late 'tis true; yet still looked on me, idling thus, when now my beard, whene'er I shaved, fell somewhat gray; yes, looked on me, and when long years had rolled by, came, when Amaryllis held my love, and Galatea had now gone. For, to confess the truth, while Galatea swayed my heart, no hope of liberty had I, no thought for the slave's private gains; though many a victim left my cattle-pens, and many a cheese was pressed for the ⁶ungrateful town, my hands were ne'er with money filled when I came back again.

MELIBŒUS. I used to wonder, Amaryllis, ⁷why

¹ *Depellere*. The preposition has the same form as in *deducere*, *demittere* (*naves in portum*).

² *Componere magna*. This means to compare the larger member of a class with the smaller.

³ *Extulit* has a present force and=*elatum gerit*, or why not translate as a perfect, and imply that she still retains the eminence?

⁴ We learn from Pliny that the cypress, though not indigenous to Italy, was common enough in Virgil's time.

⁵ 26—35. What took you to Rome? I went to buy my freedom, to provide for which in earlier years I had neglected, as I had an extravagant mistress.

⁶ *Ingratae*. So called because it paid him nothing in return for his trouble.

⁷ 36—39. I remember well how you were missed, both by Amaryllis and by the property under your charge, though I did not then know you were away.

you called so sadly on the gods; what swain it was for whom you let each fruit hang still upon its tree. It was because your Tityrus was gone. The very pine-trees, Tityrus, the very springs, ay, e'en these shrubs, here called on thee.

TITYRUS. ¹What could I do? I neither was allowed to gain my liberty, nor could I hear elsewhere of gods so powerful to aid. Here, Meliboeus, I beheld that youthful hero in whose honour smoke my altars twelve days in each year that comes: here was it that he first gave me this answer to my prayer for help: "Slaves, let your cattle graze as erst; raise bulls for breeding as before."

MELIBOEUS. ²O blest old man, this strip of country, then, is yours, and yours will ever be, and amply does it satisfy your wants, though it is covered with bare rocks, and all the pasturage with bulrush and with marsh. No pasturage to which they are not used will give distemper to your sheep with ³lamb, and no malignant ⁴shab, caught from your neighbour's flock, will injure them. O blest old man, for here, between ⁵the streams you love, and ⁶springs,

¹ 40—45. "I could not help leaving them. My only chance was to get to Rome. And there I saw this god of mine: a youthful warrior with glory crowned, to whom I pay the honours due to gods. From his mouth I received assurance of protection." The present *fumant* is used because the sacrifice has already begun, and Tityrus means it to be annual.

² 46. *Tua* and *manebunt* are both predicates.

46—58. You, then, are blest; for though your land is poor, you may enjoy it undisturbed, and be content. Your flocks will all be healthy; you will live 'mid shady groves, or by some stream, lulled by the hum of bees, the cooing doves, or the vine-dresser's song.

³ 49. *Gravis*=*graves*=*gravidas*.

⁴ Probably the same sort of disease as the modern scab or shab.

⁵ Probably the Mincius and the Po.

⁶ 52. *Fontis*=*fontes*. They are called "*sacros*" from the idea that a divinity of some kind haunted every source and spring.

loved haunts of deities, you with the swains will eagerly ¹enjoy cool shade. ²From hence, this neighbouring boundary—I mean the hedge—cropped, as 'tis ever wont to be, of willow-blossoms by the bees of ³Hybla, will, as oft ere this it has, lull you to sleep with buzzing and with whispering leaves. From hence, beneath some lofty rock, the 'woodman, as he strips the trees of leaves, shall fill the air with song, nor shall meantime the doves, your joy, with their hoarse notes, nor turtle, cease to coo, perched on some lofty elm.

TITYRUS. ⁴Ay, sooner shall the nimble stag browse in the sky, the seas leave fish all bare upon the shore, and sooner, straying o'er the boundaries of both, shall Parthians in exile drink from ⁵Arar's stream, or German tribes the Tigris' flood, than shall this heart of mine forget his gracious look.

MELIBŒUS. ⁶'Yet some of us will have to leave this spot for Afric's arid clime, some will arrive at Scythia and Crete's swift stream, Oaxes, and those Britons totally cut off from all the world? ⁷'What!

¹ *Captabis*. The frequentative may mean that others besides him enjoyed the shade.

² 53. As Weise says, *quae semper* is an elliptical relative clause for *ut semper*. *Vicino ab limite* is merely explanatory of *hinc*.

³ Hybla, a mountain in Sicily, with a city of the same name.

⁴ The *frondator* dressed the trees by stripping them of their leaves, which were used for the fodder of cattle.

⁵ 59—63. Ay, nature herself will change, and nations change their country, ere I forget my benefactor.

⁶ The *Arar*, now the Saone, is a river of Gaul.

⁷ 64—78. Yet we have to migrate thus, and be exiled to remotest lands. Perhaps I may never see my old home again, or, if I do, it will be possessed by a brutal alien. I have laboured for another, and I must now bid farewell for ever to the joy of a shepherd's life.

⁸ *Post=posthac*. *Aliquot mirabar aristas* is to be translated, "Shall I see with wonder a few ears of corn?" The soldiers were bad farmers, and therefore always ready for new civil wars.

shall I ever at some distant future time behold my country's boundaries, and as I see in years to come the roof of this my humble turf-built cot, realms mine of yore, behold with wonder nothing but a few scant ears of corn? What! shall a godless soldier hold these fields so trim just broken up? What! shall an ¹alien possess these crops of mine? Just see to what a state the civil war has brought my wretched countrymen! ²It is for men like these that I have sown my fields! Go on, then, Meliboeus, grafting pears and planting ³vines in rows; go, then, my she-goats, go, once happy flock. Henceforth, no more, stretched in some verdant grot, shall I behold, close by, you hanging to the sides of thicket-covered rock: no more lays shall I sing; no more, ye she-goats, shall ye browse upon the flourishing lucerne and bitter sallows while I tend the flock. Yet here with me upon a couch of green leaves stretched 'you had best stay the night: for mellow apples have I, ⁴mealy chestnuts, and abundant store of cheese: and see, not far away the smoke is rising from the chimney-tops, and from the lofty mountains lengthened shadows fall.

¹ *Barbarus* refers to the Gauls, Germans, and Spaniards who were in the service of Julius Cæsar.

² 73. *Nunc* is ironical.

³ *Vitis* = *vites*.

⁴ 79. *Poteras*. This may be compared with *Tempus erat*, Hor. i., Ode 37, 2. It is more urgent than the present, and means "you might as well stay."

⁵ 81. *Molles*, "mealy," that is, when roasted.

ECLOGUE II.

ARGUMENT.

IN this Eclogue a shepherd expresses his love for a beautiful youth, complaining of his indifference, urging him to come and live with him in the country, and finally upbraiding himself for his infatuation. Alexis is very likely intended for Alexander, a youth belonging to Pollio or Maecenas, and given to the poet by one of them when he wrote the Eclogue as a token of gratitude to his patron. Corydon represents a character that is a mixture of the shepherd of Theocritus and the Cyclops. The scenery refers to Sicily. The Eleventh Idyl of Theocritus is closely imitated in parts of the Eclogue.

¹ THE shepherd Corydon loved deeply beautiful Alexis, their own master's joy, and knew not of a single ground of hope; his only solace was to ever roam among thick groves of beeches, trees with shady tops, and there alone, with bootless purpose, in these artless strains he raved to mountain and to wood: "O cruel swain, Alexis, dost thou not care aught for strains of mine? Dost thou not pity me at all? Ah! thou wilt force me to my death at last. Now e'en the ²herds are ³crowding to enjoy cool shade: now each green lizard 'neath the thorny thickets lurks, and Thestylis is braying the strong-smelling

¹ 1—5. Corydon was hopelessly in love with Alexis. This is one of his solitary complaints. The *pastor* was one of the farm-slaves: *domini*, the common master of Corydon and Alexis.

² 6—18. Alexis, I am desperate. Each thing that lives now shelters itself from the blazing sun, yet I wander beneath his scorching rays, in the hope of finding you. The scorn of such a loved one as yourself is indeed hard to bear; don't presume too much on your great beauty.

³ *Captant* and *occultant*. The frequentative denotes the multitudes that are seeking shelter.

garlic, thyme, and ¹fragrant herbs for reapers wearied with the heat's devouring force. But as I follow on thy trail beneath the blazing sun, the shrubberies resound with grasshoppers like me, and only me, with piping hoarse. Was it not better far to brook the gloomy rage of Amaryllis and her proud disdain? Was it not better far to brook Menalcas, howsoever swarthy was his beauty, howsoever fair Menalcas, thou? O handsome youth, trust not too much thy beauty! The white privet is oft left to fall while darker hyacinths are culled. ²Alexis, I am scorned by you; and you don't care to know my character, extent of flocks, or store of snow-white milk: a thousand lambs of mine roam o'er the hills of Sicily: new milk ne'er fails me e'en in summer's heat nor winter's cold. I sing such strains ³as erst Boeotian Amphion sang on Attic Aracynthus' ridge, whene'er he piped his herds from pasture home: nor am I so uncomely, for not long ago I saw my image as I stood upon the shore, what time the sea was calm for want of wind⁴. I shall not fear comparison with ⁵Daphnis though you be the judge; if, as no doubt it does, the mirror-stream tell truth. ⁶Oh, were you but inclined with me to dwell

¹ *Olentis*=*olentes*, applies equally to the garlic and the various herbs.

² 19—27. Yet I am not a man to be scorned. I have numerous flocks under my charge; I can sing like Amphion, and the mirror of the water tells me that I am not uncomely.

³ *Dircaeus*, by synecdoche=Boeotius. Dirce was a fountain near Thebes. Acte was an old name for Attica. Aracynthus may have been a ridge of hills on the frontiers of Boeotia and Attica.

⁴ 27. *Si* with the indicative implies that the mirror could not lie.

⁵ Daphnis, the great bucolic hero, was beloved by a Naiad. See introduction to Eclogue V.

⁶ 28—44. If you cared only to live with me, we would hunt and tend flocks together, and I would teach you to sing like Pan,

in the coarse country, in a humble cot, shoot stags, and drive the flock of kids together to the mallow's ¹verdant plant! With me you shall by singing imitate Pan in the woods. Pan was the first to teach us how to join together several reeds with wax: Pan is the guardian of the sheep and shepherds too. ²And feel not sorry that you wore your dainty lip with playing on the reed: what did Amyntas leave undone to gain a knowledge of this art? I have a pipe that's joined with seven hollow hemlock-stalks of different size, which erst Damoetas gave me for a gift, and dying, said: 'That pipe of yours has now in you a swain well worthy to succeed myself.' Thus said Damoetas, and Amyntas, in his foolishness, was jealous of the gift. Besides, I have two roes (³*scarce six months old*) which I discovered in a vale, not safe (*from savage beasts*), ⁴the hides of which are even yet with white spots dappled o'er; they suck the same ewe twice a day, and them for thee I keep. And for a long time Thestylis has been ⁵entreating me to let her bear them off from me. And she will gain her wish, since in your sight my gift is so despised. ⁶Then hither come, thou

the shepherd's patron. An enviable art it is. A pipe I have which Damoetas at his death gave me, as the only swain worthy to succeed him. Besides, in spite of many requests for them, for you alone I keep my two pet roes.

¹ *Viridi hibisco*—*ad viridem hibiscum*, according to one interpretation; but, it may be, with marah-mallow rod.

² The doer is supposed to be looking back on what he did; therefore, the perfect is used in *trivisse*. For *Amyntas* see 10—38.

³ The difficulty of obtaining it enhances the value of the gift.

⁴ The white spots on the roes disappear after they are six months old.

⁵ *Oro* is used with an infinitive, like *volo, peto, postulo*.

⁶ 45—55. Come and enjoy a country life. Nature produces her fairest flowers all for you, and you shall have the most delicious fruits; the nymphs themselves shall offer them.

handsome youth; see e'en the nymphs for thee in laden baskets lilies bring: for thee the beauteous Naiad, culling yellow violets and poppy-heads, groups with them the narcissus and the fragrant fennel's flower; and then entwining them amid the ¹cassia and other aromatic plants, picks out the tender ²hyacinths with the chrysanthemum's dull golden hues. With my own hand I'll cull for thee gray quinces, clothed in all their tender bloom, and chestnuts, which my Amaryllis used to love: I'll add, besides, plums with a yellow wax-like hue: this fruit as well shall gain distinction (*if you notice it*); and you, ye laurels, I will cull, and thee, too, myrtle, that aye growest by the laurel's side, for thus arranged sweet scents ye blend. ³Why Corydon, thou art a clown: Alexis cares not for thy gifts, nor would Iollas yield the palm if thou shouldst vie with him in making gifts. Ah me! ah me! What have I hapless been about? I, to my ruin, have let in the withering sirocco to my blossoms, and the wallowing wild boars to my clear springs. Alas! mad swain: thou knowest not whom thou dost shun in me. E'en deities, e'en Trojan Paris dwelt in woods. Let Pallas keep the cities that she founded to herself: but let me love the woods more than aught else besides. ⁴Fierce lionesses follow wolves: the wolves in turn the goats pursue: the wanton she-goats search for flourishing lucerne: and thee, Alexis,

¹ The *cassia* is an aromatic shrub, very like the olive.

² The hyacinths are, as it were, the ground which is variegated by the chrysanthemum.

³ Addressing himself, he exclaims: "Vain hope, to try and recommend myself by gifts which he will care not for, and which some richer rival will surpass! O this destructive love! Yet why should he disdain a life which even gods have loved? I cannot help my love. 'Tis natural. See evening comes, and no relief.

⁴ 63. Every creature pursues that for which it hungers. I pursue thee.

¹Corydon pursues : his dear delight each one attracts. See there, the steers are bringing home the plough that swings clear off the ground. And now the sun's departing rays increase the deepening shades : but me my love consumes ; and, pray, what limits can there be to love ? Ah ! Corydon, ah ! Corydon, what frenzy has distraught thee ²so ? Thy vine is but half-pruned upon the elm that is not stripped of its abundant leaves. ³Why don't you rather try, at least, to finish plaiting with the osier-twigs and pliant rush some basket-work that practical experience requires ? Though this Alexis scorns you so, you'll find another yet."

¹ 65. *Sequitur* is the ellipsis after *Corydon*.

² 69—73. This is folly : I will return to my neglected business, and hope to find another love.

³ 71. *Quin = cur non*. Basket-work was one of the husbandman's home occupations.

ECLOGUE III.

MENALCAS—DAMOETAS—PALAEMON.

ARGUMENT.

THIS Eclogue, an imitation of Theocritus, is a specimen of a rustic singing match, called technically Amoebean singing. Menalcas may possibly represent Virgil. The scenery is again partly Sicilian.

MENALCAS. ¹Damoetas, tell me whose the flock? Is't Meliboeus'?

DAMOETAS. No, 'tis Aegon's; Aegon lately gave it me (*to tend*).

MENALCAS. O sheep, ever unhappy flock! for while your owner, Aegon, courts Neaera, and fears lest she should prefer me to himself, this hireling-keeper milks the sheep twice every hour, and so the strength is drawn away from all the ewes, and so the lambs are robbed of milk.

DAMOETAS. Yet still remember that such charges must be sparingly brought against men. ²I know both him who, while the goats looked on askance,

¹ 1—31. *M.* Whom are you keeping sheep for? *D.* For Aegon. *M.* Unhappy sheep! their owner is hopelessly in love, and his hireling steals the milk. *D.* What right have you to taunt me? *M.* Of course not; I cut Micon's vines. *D.* Broke Daphnis' bow and arrows, you mean. *M.* Well, I saw you steal Damon's goat. *D.* It was mine; I won it at a singing match. *M.* What *you*? when you can't sing! *D.* I'll sing against you now for a calf.

² 8. Heyne's note on this passage is thus: "Non nos latet, te inter greges, et in ipso nympharum sacello, turpi libidine pollutum esse; oculis hircorum prae libidine in angulos redactis. Sed faciles nymphae risere, nempe hoc facinus, quum alii dii severiores id graviter ulturi essent. Potest *faciles* referri ad nympharum lasciviam."

with thee was seen,—I know the little chapel, too, where this took place; but, luckily for thee, the easy nymphs but smiled at this.

MENALCAS. ¹Yes, then, no doubt, when they saw me cut down with a malicious pruning-hook the trees upon which Micon's vines were trained, and the young vines themselves.

DAMOETAS. Or when you here by the old beech-trees broke the bow and arrows Daphnis had, which you, depraved Menalcas, grieved for when you saw them given to the ²youth, and would have died had you not injured him ³some way.

MENALCAS. What would their masters do when ⁴knavish slaves dare thus to act, did they but see the deed? You rascal, did I not see you, while loudly barked the ⁵mongrel hound, catch Damon's roe in ambuscade? and when I cried out, "What is yon rogue darting at? ⁶Ho, Tityrus, muster your flock!" you lurked behind the sedge.

DAMOETAS. What! was he not to give me back the roe my pipe had earned by song? And I must tell you that roe was mine own, and Damon would himself admit the fact to me, but vowed he could not give it back.

MENALCAS. ⁷What! you beat him in singing? Had you e'er a pipe fastened with wax? Why, were not you, you ignorant clown, accustomed in the crossings of the streets to ⁸play a miserable strain upon a single creaking reed?

¹ Menalcas affects to charge himself with what Damoetas did.

² Daphnis.

³ *Aliquâ*: *ratione* or *viâ* is understood.

⁴ *Fures* comicè pro servis. Compare the reverse change of the meaning of the English *knave* and *villain*.

⁵ *Lycisci* were mongrels between dogs and wolves.

⁶ Tityrus is Damon's shepherd.

⁷ 25. The verb is to be supplied from *victus* in line 21.

⁸ The *dis* in *disperdere* is intensive.

DAMOETAS. Do you, then, bid us two make trial what we both can do by singing in alternate strains? I stake this heifer, and, lest haply you refuse (*I tell you this*), twice comes she to be milked, two calves she with her udder nourishes: declare the stake for which you will contend with me.

MENALCAS. ¹I should not dare, like you, to stake aught from the flock, for I a father have at home and harsh stepmother too, and twice a day they both count o'er the sheep, and one the kids as well. But since you must have your mad whim (and you'll admit yourself the stake to be of much more value), I will stake two beech-wood cups, carved by Alcimedon, the king of craftsmen, upon which a pliant vine is worked outside with dexterous graving tool, and decks some spreading ²bunches of pale yellow ivy-berries. ³In the fields between there are two images, of Conon one, and, what's the name of him who, with the geometrician's wand, drew up a map of all the heavens for mankind, and showed what seasons reapers, and what ploughmen bending o'er their ploughs ought to observe? Nor have I touched them with my lips yet, but am keeping them stored up.

DAMOETAS. This same Alcimedon for me, too, made two cups, and twined the flexile bear's-foot round their handles, and upon the space between depicted Orpheus

¹ 32—59. *M.* I dare not stake any of the cattle, but I have a better stake, viz., two cups of Alcimedon's carving. *D.* I also have two by the same hand, but they are nothing to the heifer. *M.* You shall not put me off, for I will accept any terms. *D.* Come on, then, for I'm not afraid; only pay attention, Palæmon. *P.* The grass is soft to sit on, and the country lovely; so begin, Damoetas, first.

² *Hederâ pallente* = *hederæ pallentis*.

³ *I.e.*, the spaces enclosed by the vine and the ivy on the cups. Conon was a famous astronomer in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus. *Alter* was probably Eudoxus, whose "*Phaenomena*" was versified by Aratus. *Radius* was the rod with which the geometrician drew on the *abaqus*.

and the woods that followed as he sang. Nor have I touched them with my lips; but I am keeping them stored up. If you once at the heifer look, you'll find no ground for praising those two cups.

MENALCAS. You shall not get away from me this day, for I will meet you on whatever ground you please. Let but the man who now comes here—see, 'tis Palaemon—hear these strains, and I will manage that hereafter you won't challenge anyone to sing.

DAMOETAS. Come on, then, if you know a strain; no shrinking back in me you'll find, and I'm content with any judge, only Palaemon, neighbour mine, store up these songs within your inmost heart, for 'tis a matter of no common magnitude.

PALAEON. Sing, then, since we are seated on the soft grass here, and every field and every tree's now bringing forth its fruit. The woods are covered o'er with leaves. The year is at its fairest now. Begin, Damoetas, and, Menalcas, do thou follow next. Ye shall sing in alternate verse; the muses love alternate verse.

DAMOETAS. ¹Ye nine, Jove is my theme's exordium; all nature's filled with Jove. He cultivates the earth: ²such songs as mine he loves.

MENALCAS. My patron is the god of song. Apollo's gifts to man are ever at my house: the bay and sweetly-blushing hyacinth.

DAMOETAS. ³With apples Galatea pelts me, wanton maid; then off she to the willows runs, but longs for me to spy her first.

¹ 60—63. *D.* I begin, then, with Jove, the filler of all things. He makes the country fruitful, and is the shepherd's patron. *M.* And I begin with Apollo, the poet's patron, for whom I rear bays and hyacinths in my garden.

² Because they tell of the blessings of earth.

³ 64—67. *D.* My mistress pelts me, and runs away like a rogue as she is. *M.* My favourite does not avoid me; even my dogs know him well.

MENALCAS. My flame, Amyntas, courts my company unasked, so that not even Delia is better known now by my hounds.

DAMOETAS. ¹A present for my love is gained, for I myself have marked the spot where wood-pigeons that build high up in air have made their nests.

MENALCAS. I've sent my youth, as the best gift I could, ten golden apples, and to-morrow I will send ten more.

DAMOETAS. ²How oft has Galatea spoken words of bliss ineffable to me! Ye winds, some portion bear unto the ears of gods.

MENALCAS. What is't to me, Amyntas, that in heart thou dost not spurn my love, if I must watch the toils while thou dost hunt wild boars?

DAMOETAS. ³Iollas, send me Phyllis, 'tis my birthday; but come thou thyself when I shall offer a young heifer in the place of corn.

MENALCAS. ⁴Phyllis I love more than all other girls, for she shed tears because I left, and said, "Iollas, handsome youth, farewell, farewell to thee, and yet again farewell."

DAMOETAS. ⁵A wolf to sheepfolds is a fearful

¹ 68—71. *D.* I have marked a wood-pigeon's nest for Galatea's present. *M.* I have sent Amyntas ten apples, and will send ten more to-morrow.

² 72—75. *D.* Oh, the words that Galatea speaks to me—words that the gods might listen to. *M.* Amyntas, you love me, so leave me not while busy in the hunt.

³ 76—79. *D.* Send me Phyllis for my birthday; you can come on the next holiday. *M.* I send *you* Phyllis? Why, she is my love, and weeps at parting from me.

The birthday was a season of mirth and love; the festival of the Ambarvalia was an occasion of abstinence from love.

⁴ Menalcas retorts in the person of Iollas.

⁵ 80—83. *D.* Everything in nature has its bane; mine is the wrath of Amaryllis. *M.* Everything in nature has its delight; Amyntas is my joy.

80. *Triste* and *dulce* are equivalent to nouns.

pest; so rain is to the corn when ripe, storms to the trees, and Amaryllis' wrath to me.

MENALCAS. Rain is the joy of crops just sown, the wild strawberry-tree of kids when weaned, the pliant willow of the sheep with lamb. Amyntas is my only joy.

DAMOETAS. ¹My strains, though but the lays of countrymen, are loved by Pollio. Ye muses, feed a heifer in your reader's honour!

MENALCAS. Pollio himself writes poetry; and feed for him, ye Muses, yonder steer that now butts with his horn, and paws the sandy soil up with his hoofs.

DAMOETAS. ²May he who loves thee, Pollio, attain that lot which he rejoices that thou hast attained! May honey flow in streams for him (*as in the golden age*)! and may rough brambles bear the eastern fragrant spice!

MENALCAS. ³Let him who hates not Bavius love thy strains, Maevius, and ⁴let him yoke two foxes to the plough and milk he-goats.

DAMOETAS. ⁵Ye swains who cull the flowers and the strawberries that grow upon the ground, flee hence; a snake lurks in the grass.

MENALCAS. Ye sheep, go not too far; ye do not

¹ 84—87. *D.* Pollio, the prince of critics, is my patron. *M.* Pollio is more, for he's a poet too himself.

Caius Asinius Pollio was the friend of Augustus, the patron of literature, and author of a history (now lost) of the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey.

² 88—91. *D.* May Pollio's admirers be like him! *M.* May Bavius' and Maevius' admirers be like them!

88. The ellipsis is *venisse*.

³ *Bavius* and *Maevius* were two wretched poets contemporary with Virgil and Horace, who both detested them.

⁴ Lucian tells us that a certain Demonax said of two foolish disputants, that one was milking a he-goat and the other catching the milk in a sieve.

⁵ 92—95. *D.* Beware of snakes, ye strawberry-gatherers. *M.* Sheep, beware of going too near the water, lest ye tumble in.

well to trust the bank ; see, e'en the ram now dries his dripping fleece.

DAMOETAS. 'Call off your browsing she-goats, Tityrus, from yonder stream ; I will myself at the fit season wash them in the spring.

MENALCAS. Drive (*to the shade*) your 'sheep, ye swains ; for if the heat have first dried up the milk, as but just now it did, in vain shall we squeeze with our hands their teats.

DAMOETAS. 'Ah me ! ah me ! how lean my bull is on the field of hairy tares ! the same love brings destruction to the flock and shepherd too.

MENALCAS. In sooth, not even love makes these so lean : their flesh scarce hangs upon their bones : some evil eye bewitches to my cost my tender lambs.

DAMOETAS. 'Tell me the land in which the heaven's space 'does not exceed three ells, and you shall be great Phoebus in my sight.

MENALCAS. Say in what land the 'flowers spring inscribed with princes' names, and then keep Phyllis to yourself.

¹ 96—99. *D.* Keep the goats from the river. I'll wash them in time. *M.* Drive the ewes under the shade, or they will run dry again.

² 98. *Ovis*=oves ; *omnis*=omnes, 97.

³ 100—103. *D.* My bull won't get fat : it is love. *M.* Nor will my lambs : it is the "evil eye." 102. These of mine are not even so well off as yours ; they have some malady more mysterious than love. *Neque*=*ne quidem*. *His* (*agnis*).

⁴ 104—107. *D.* Guess my riddle, and you shall be my Apollo, god of divination. *M.* Guess mine, and you shall have Phyllis to yourself.

⁵ *Caeli spatium*, according to an old critic, meant the ground that covered Caelius, a Mantuan, who squandered his estate, and left himself only land enough for a tomb. The omission of *quidam* after *amplius* in line 106 is a relic of a time when comparison was expressed by simple juxtaposition.

⁶ The flower meant is the hyacinth, which was supposed to be inscribed with *ΑΙ*, *ΑΙ*, to express the name of Ajax in Greek, or with *Υ*, for *Υάκινθος*, the lost favourite of Apollo.

PALAEEMON. ¹'Tis not for me to be the umpire in so great a contest as this is between you two. Both you and he, and whosoe'er shall either fear the loss of some sweet love, or prove how bitter are its pangs when not returned, are worthy of the heifer (*as the prize*). ²Ye shepherds, now dam up your streams; the meads are watered well enough.

¹ 108—111. P. I cannot decide between swains who feel so truly and sing so well.

² A metaphorical allusion to the streams of bucolic verse.

ECLOGUE IV.

POLLIO.

ARGUMENT.

THE date of this poem is the year 714, when Pollio, as consul, was busy in aiding to effect the peace at Brundisium. The hero is a child, either then born or to be born in this auspicious year, who, in the poet's idea, was destined to perfect the restoration then commencing. The most probable conjecture is that the child was one of Pollio's sons, one of whom died in his infancy, while the other, Caius Asinius Gallus, lived to be mentioned as a probable successor to Augustus (Tac. Ann. i. 13), and was subsequently killed through the jealousy of Tiberius (ib. vi. 23). The coincidence between Virgil's language and that of the Old Testament with regard to the expectation of a Messiah is very striking.

¹SICILIAN muses of Theocritus, let me now sing a somewhat loftier strain. The vineyard's trees and the low-growing tamarisks give not delight to all : and, since the woods 'are still my theme, let it have dignity enough to suit a consul's taste.

²The last age now has come that's mentioned in the Sibyl's verse.

³The mighty cycle of the ages now begins afresh.

1—3. My pastorals must now take higher flights.

²4—17. The golden age comes back once more. A glorious child is born. Thy consulship, great Pollio, shall usher him into the world, inaugurate a period of peace when all the world shall be swayed by a godlike king.

The Sibyl of Cumae was the most famous. The Sibylline books recognized the division of time into *secles* of 110 years, and divided the ages by means of metals, declared who should reign in each several *secle*, and determined that the last or tenth *secle* should be that of the sun, spoken of in verse 10.

³The reference is to the *annus magnus* or *Platonicus*, a period variously estimated from 2,500 to 18,000 years, to be completed

The virgin Justice now comes back to earth, now Saturn's reign comes back : and now a new and better race of men is being sent us from the sky. Do thou but favour, chaste Lucina, the child's birth, the child through whom at last the iron age shall end, through whom the age of gold again shall be restored to all the world ; e'en now thy brother Phoebus reigns. So, then, this glorious age will first commence when thou art consul, Pollio, and to roll on their course ¹the mighty months will now begin. Beneath thy auspices, whatever traces of our guilt (*of civil blood-shed*) still remain, shall by their abolition free the earth from the before unbroken reign of fear. That child shall gain a life like that of gods,—see demi-gods with gods together dwell, himself be seen by them, and reign o'er all the world that won its peace from his own ²father's excellence and might.

³For thee, (*auspicious*) babe, the earth will with spontaneous growth pour forth, not here and there, but everywhere, its primest gifts ; the straggling ivy, foxglove, and Egyptian bean mixed with the bright acacia-tree. The she-goats will unbidden bring their milk-distended udders home, nor will their herds

when all the heavenly bodies should occupy the same places in which they were at the beginning of the world. The meaning is that when the tenth or last *secl*e is over, the cycle is to be repeated. The *Virgo* in line 6 is Justice, who left the earth in the iron age.

The *secl*e of the sun (the last, according to the Sibylline prophecy) is now going on, and when that is completed the new cycle will succeed.

¹ *Magni menses*, i.e., the periods, or twelfths, of the *magnus annus*, referred to in line 5.

² *Patriis*. Assuming the child to be one of Pollio's sons.

³ 18—25. Nature herself will honour the babe ; flowers will spontaneously spring ; whole herds will be milked for its support, and poison kept out of its way.

dread mighty lions' jaws. The ground on which thou shalt be cradled will spontaneously bring forth flow'rs to show its love for thee. The serpent, too, will die; the treacherous ¹poison-plant will die: at every step will spring th' Assyrian fragrant spice. But soon as e'er thou shalt be able to read of the meritorious deeds of demigods and exploits of thy father, and to learn what merit means, then by degrees the plain will ripen o'er with yellowing and delicate corn crops, and from wild briars will the blushing grape hang down, and the rough oak will then distil the honey falling as the dew. Yet still there'll be some traces of the former artificial wicked way of life to instigate man to make trial of the ²sea in ships, to fortify the towns with walls, and plough up furrows in the earth. A second ³Tiphys then will rise, a second Argo to convey the chosen hero-chiefs: the old wars will be fought once more: again will great Achilles be dispatched to Troy. 'Then, when thy time of life, now set, has brought thee to manhood, then e'en the passenger (as well as sailors in their ships of war) shall quit the sea: the pine shall not be fashioned into boats and barter merchandise: each land shall bring forth all productions of itself. No harrows shall the earth then have to feel, the vine no pruning-hook: the sturdy ploughman, too,

¹ *Veneni* is a genitive of quality.

² *Thetis*, here used for the sea, was a sea-nymph, daughter of Nereus and Doris, wife of Peleus, and mother of Achilles.

³ Tiphys was the helmsman of the Argo, the mythic ship that bore a chosen band of heroes called the Argonauts, in quest of the golden fleece at Colchis, under the guidance of Jason.

34. According to the Sibylline cycle, all history was to repeat itself.

⁴ 37—47. When the child has become a man, even commerce will cease, for everything will grow everywhere: nature will supply the place not only of industry, but of artificial civilization: thus the Fates ordain.

shall from the yoke his steers set free: nor shall wool learn to falsely imitate all kinds of hues, but in the mead, without the dyer's aid, the ram shall change the colour of his fleece for sweetly-blushing purple now, anon for yellow saffron's dye: lambs¹ as they graze shall be clothed with the scarlet's hues. "'Blest ages, speed ye onward," to their spindles sang the Parcae, who in concert tell th' unaltered will of fate.

²Assume, dear offspring of the gods, great son of Jove, successive highest offices of state; soon will the time be here. See how the whole world nods with all its weight of vaulted arch: the earth, the ocean-tracts, and azure deep of air! See how all nature joys in the approaching age! Oh, 'may a few years at the close of life be left me—time enough and breath inspired enough to sing thy deeds! Nor Thracian Orpheus, no, nor Linus, though the one his mother, and his sire the other aid—Calliopea, Orpheus, Linus, beautiful Apollo's self—shall then surpass myself in song. 'If Pan himself should vie with me in song, e'en with Arcadia for judge, Pan would confess himself surpassed, e'en with Arcadia as judge. 'Begin, then, infant, with thy smile to re-

¹ 45. *Pascentis*=*pascentes*.

² 46. Compare the use of the Greek *ἑσρος* with this vocative of *Talia*.

³ 48—59. Let him now take his seat upon his throne: the whole world with expectant longing waits for him, and shakes at his approach as temples at the coming of their gods. May I live long enough to tell of his glory! the theme would raise me of itself above all bards, both human and divine.

⁴ 53. *Quantum* refers to *tam longae*, but is connected in sense with *maneant*. The confusion is from the number of predicates.

⁵ 58. The Arcadians would be excellent critics, and would favour their own god Pan.

⁶ 60—63. Let him smile on his mother, she has earned his smiles; without her smile he ne'er can come to honour.

cognize thy mother's face; ten months a ¹weary waiting to thy mother brought. Begin, then, infant, for a child on whom his parents have not smiled, nor god deems ²worthy of his company, nor goddess of her love.

¹ 61. *Longa fastidia* = *taedia*. Ten months was the full period of gestation recognized by the Roman law.

² 64. *Dignata est* may be taken aoristically.

ECLOGUE V.

DAPHNIS:—MENALCAS, MOPSUS.

ARGUMENT.

MOPSUS, a younger shepherd, is invited by Menalcas to play and sing. Mopsus sings a funeral song on Daphnis, the great hero of bucolic poetry; Menalcas matches the efforts of Mopsus by a corresponding strain upon the deification of Daphnis. They exchange gifts after praising each other. The Eclogue is an imitation of three of the Idyls of Theocritus. The scenery, as usual, is Sicilian. It is probable that under the person of Daphnis the dictator Caesar is meant, and the honours then recently decreed to Caesar seem to favour the idea of the deification; Virgil may mean himself by Menalcas.

MENALCAS. ¹Why, Mopsus, should we not, since we have both together met, skilled, ²thou in blowing on the light reed-pipe, and I in singing songs, sit here amid the elms that grow among the hazel trees?

MOPSUS. Thou art the elder: it is fair that I should list to thee, Menalcas, whether we now go beneath the shady trees that tremble as the zephyrs move them, or take shelter rather in the caves. See how the wild vine of the woods has here and there spread o'er the grot a cluster of its grapes!

¹ 1—18. *Me.* Let us play and sing in the shade. *Mo.* Or better, in the cave. *Me.* There's only one who rivals you. *Mo.* And he might rival Phoebus' self. *Me.* Sing, now, one of your favourite themes. *Mo.* I have a new song which well may vie with any that my rival has. *Me.* Forget your rival, ne'er could I compare him with yourself.

² *Boni inflare.* This is a Greek construction; the infinitive may be regarded as a noun.

MENALCAS. Upon our hills none but Amyntas vies with thee.

MOPSUS. ¹Oh, I suppose he will be trying to surpass e'en Phoebus' self in song!

MENALCAS. Begin then, Mopsus, first, if thou can'st tell me of some shepherd's love for Phyllis, master-piece by ²Alcon's hand, or some invective 'gainst Codrus. Begin, I say; for Tityrus will tend the browsing kids.

MOPSUS. Nay, rather I'll attempt these strains which lately I wrote down upon the green bark of a beech, and, setting them to music, marked the alternations of the flute and voice; and bid Amyntas next contend.

MENALCAS. ³As far inferior as pliant willows ⁴to the pale green olive are, as far inferior as the low-growing Celtic ⁵reeds are to the red rose-beds, so far inferior, in my idea, Amyntas is to thee.

MOPSUS. ⁶Youth, say no more, for here we are beneath the cave. The Nymphs for Daphnis long

¹ Ironical.

² Alcon, a sculptor mentioned by Ovid, *M.* xiii. 683. Codrus is mentioned again as the favourite of Corydon and enemy of Thyrsis in *Eclogue* vii. 22—26.

³ Menalcas assures Mopsus that he need not fear the rivalry of Amyntas.

⁴ The leaves of the willow and olive are of the same pale green colour and the same form, though the olive is much more valuable.

⁵ The *salicinea* resembles the rose in odour, but it is so brittle that it is useless for weaving garlands, the chief use for which the ancients employed the rose.

⁶ 19—44. *Ms.* We've reached the cave: I thus begin: "When Daphnis died the Nymphs shed tears; his mother clasped her son's cold corpse, and called upon the gods reproachfully; the flocks and herds were all unfed, the very lions roared aloud in grief: for Daphnis tamed the tiger, founded Bacchus' rural worship, was the glory of his friends; and now he's dead a curse

time wept, when cut off by a cruel death. Ye hazels and ye streams bore witness to the Nymphs' deep grief, when, clasping her son's wretched corpse, the mother cried out on the cruelty of gods and stars as none but mothers can. In those days, Daphnis, ne'er a swain his oxen fed or drave them to the cooling streams; no cattle quaffed the river then, nor touched a blade of grass. Daphnis, wild mountains, ¹tangled woods with echoes told that even Afric's lions roared aloud in grief for thy sad end. Yes, Daphnis taught the swains to yoke to cars the tigers of Armenia, and showed them how to introduce the Bacchic dance, and twine round spears the waving leaves. Just as the vine's the glory of the trees, the grapes the glory of the vines, the bulls the glory of the herds, the crops the glory of the fertile fields, so thou, and only thou, the glory of thy friends. Now fate has borne thee from the earth e'en ²Pales, e'en Apollo has departed from the fields. Oft in the furrows, to the care of which we swains entrust large grains picked out for barley seed, the unproductive darnel and wild oats will spring. In place of the soft violet, in place, too, of the bright narcissus, thistles and Christ's thorn, with spiky prickles, rise. Ye swains, the turf with flowers sow, the springs o'ershade with hanging trees, for Daphnis bids that this be done to honour his own

lies on the land, and where good seed was sown, there springs the noisome weed. Let us, then, raise his tomb and write his epitaph."

¹ Compare Scott :—

"Call it not vain : they do not err
Who say that when the poet dies
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies ;
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan."

² *Pales* was the tutelary deity of the shepherds and cattle.

memory, and raise a tomb, and write these verses on the tomb :—

Here in the woods, I, Daphnis, lie,
Known from this spot e'en to the sky :
Handsome the flock I used to keep,
More handsome Daphnis than his sheep.

MENALCAS. 'O prince of bards, a song like this of thine to me is like sleep on the grass to wearied swains ; like quenching thirst in summer's heat from bubbling brooks with sweetest water filled. Nor dost thou match thy master only on the pipe, but with thy songs as well. O happy swain, thou wilt now his successor be. Still, in my turn, I'll sing as I best can these strains of mine, and celebrate th' ascent of thy loved Daphnis to the skies. Yes, Daphnis to the skies I will extol, for Daphnis loved me too.

MOPSUS. 'Could I more value aught than this thy promised boon of song ? The swain himself has been a worthy theme, and Stimicon long time since praised those strains of thine to me.

MENALCAS. 'Daphnis, in beauty now divine, looks down with wonder at Olympus' threshold strange to him, and 'neath his feet he sees the clouds and stars. Now, therefore, frolic glee the woods, the country round possesses,—Pan, the shepherds, and the Dryad-Nymphs. Nor does the wolf frame treachery against

¹ 45—52. *Me.* Your singing, no less than your playing, delights me wondrously : you'll be the poet-laureate in the bucolic field of song. Yet I will, in my turn, attempt a song on Daphnis as a god.

² Allegorically referring to the apotheosis of Julius Caesar.

³ 53—55. *Mo.* Yes, prithee do : for worthy is the theme, and worthy is your genius to treat the theme.

⁴ 56—80. *Me.* Daphnis lives in heaven now, the shepherds and the shepherds' gods rejoice : the wild beasts are at peace : the mountains all proclaim his deity : he with libation, song, and dance shall honoured be so long as nature's course is still unchanged, e'en as to Bacchus and to Ceres honour's paid.

the flock, nor any nets devise a trap for stags, for peace good Daphnis loves. E'en mountains, from the woodman safe, through joy send cries up to the stars: the very rocks, the very trees resound with song like this: "We have in him, Menalcas, a new god; yes, a new god!" Oh, be propitious, and grant fortune to thy swains. See, here four altars stand; lo, Daphnis, two to honour with libations thee, and two for Phoebus' sacrifice. To honour thee, I'll place on them two cups with new milk frothing every year, two bowls of richest oil, and gladd'ning then the feast especially with plenteous wine (*when now the sacrifice is o'er*): if it be winter, by the fire, if summer, in the shade, I'll pour from cups fresh nectar-juice of ¹Chian grape. Damoetas, then, and ²Lycian Aegon shall sing songs to me: Alpheisiboeus shall then imitate the dancing satyrs of the woods. These honours ever shall be paid to thee, both when we shall our wonted vows make to the Nymphs, and when, too, we shall ³purify the fields (*and offer sacrifice*). As long as boars shall love the mountain heights, as long as fish the streams, as long as bees shall feed on thyme, and grasshoppers on dew, so long shall honours paid to thee, thy name and noble deeds remain. As though to Bacchus or to Ceres, husbandmen shall pay their vows each year to thee; thou, too (*by granting prayers*), shalt bind the suppliant to keep his vow.

MORSUS. 'What gift shall I give thee, what gift for

¹ *Ariusia* or *Arvisia* in Chios was famous for wine.

² 72. Lycius, from Lycta in Crete.

³ By means of a propitiatory offering, *e. g.*, a sacrifice consisting of a swine, sheep, and bull.

⁴ 81—90. *Mo.* What shall I give you for a song that's sweeter than aught nature has to show? *Me.* This pipe, that oft has played strains of no common fame, I'll give to you, ere I receive a gift. *Mo.* And I will give to you this handsome crook; and I refused it once to one I loved.

such a song as this? For neither does the rising south-wind's sough, nor the surf-beaten shores, nor streams that hurry down 'mid rocky vales, give me such heartfelt joy.

MENALCAS. Ere I receive a gift, I'll give to thee this brittle pipe. This brittle pipe it was that taught me how to play that strain beginning, "Corydon loved deeply beautiful Alexis:" this pipe taught me, too, the strain beginning, "Whose the flock? is't Meliboeus?"

MORSUS. Nay, take thou this shepherd's crook, Menalcas, which, though oft he asked me for, Antigenes ne'er gained, and yet he was then worthy to be loved; ¹a crook adorned with brazen studs at equal distances arranged.

¹ With this interpretation *nodis atque aere* means brazen studs; *nodis*, however, might be knots or knobs on the natural wood, and *aere* a ring of brass at one end.

ECLOGUE VI.

VARUS.

ARGUMENT.

THIS Eclogue is addressed to Alfenus Varus, who succeeded Pollio as governor of Cisalpine Gaul. The poet requests his patron to accept a pastoral lay instead of an heroic poem on his exploits. The subject is a song of partly mythological and partly cosmogonical character, extorted through a stratagem by two shepherds from Silenus, the constant attendant on Bacchus.

¹MY ²Muse of pastorals deigned first to sportively compose Theocritean verse, and felt no shame at dwelling in the woods. But when I fain would sing of princes and of wars, Apollo ³touched my ear, and with a warning voice said thus: "It is a shepherd's duty, Tityrus, to feed his sheep till 'they are fat, and sing a weaker but more finished strain.'" I now then, Varus (for thou'lt find enough bards and to spare, to long to celebrate thy deeds of high renown, and sing war's horrors *in heroic lines*), will frame a shepherd's

¹ 1—12. I left the region of bucolic song for the heroic strain, when Phoebus warned me back. A pastoral for you, then, Varus, I will write, and leave the celebration of your martial deeds to other pens.

² Thalia was said by some to have been the inventress of agriculture, and was represented with a sheep-hook as the Muse of pastoral poetry.

³ *Vellit aurem.* To touch the ear was a symbolical way of reminding one of anything, and the established mode of summoning a witness. Apollo, as it were, summoned Virgil to bear witness to the nature of his poetic gift. Tityrus represents Virgil.

⁴ *Pascere pinguis (pingues) = pascere ut pinguescant.*

lay upon the simple reed. ¹I sing not where I have no warrant for my song. Yet, Varus, if caught with their charm, some, as I feel they will, shall read these pastorals of mine as well; these tamarisks, and these plantations which I sing, will all make known thy glory unto them; nor is there any page of song that Phoebus better loves than that which has for title Varus' name.

²Begin, ye Nine. Two youthful shepherds, Chromis and Mnasyllus called, espied Silenus lying fast asleep within a cave, his veins, as aye they're wont to be, swelled with the yesterday's carouse: close by and all but clinging to his head the fallen garlands lay: ³the heavy wine-bowl by its well-worn handle in his hands still hung. Approaching both (for oftentimes the old god had cheated both of their expected song) they throw around him bonds e'en of the garlands made. Then Aegle joins, and by her coming reassures them in their fear (*at what they do*): Aegle, the fairest of the Naiad-Nymphs, and as he wakens now, his forehead and his temples paints with blood-red mulberries. He, smiling at the stratagem, cries, "Wherefore weave ye bonds? Unloose me, swains; for this 'proof of your pow'r's enough. Hear now your wished-for song: a song *you* shall receive, but *she* a different reward shall find." With this, unasked, he thus begins: "Yes, then, in sooth, thou mightest see the Fauns and wild beasts sport in rhythmic glee; th' unbending oak-trees shake their tops: nor do Par-

¹ *Non* goes with *cano*.

² 13—30. Two young shepherds surprise Silenus sleeping off the effects of a carouse, and bind him with the help of a Naiad, exacting a song which he often promised before. He sings to the delight of all.

³ *Pendebat* = *manibus non emissa*.

⁴ *Satis est, quod visi estis potuisse*. Another interpretation is *satis est quod potui videri*.

nassus' heights joy in Apollo so, nor Thrace and its mount ¹Ismarus admire their Orpheus so. ²For he described in song how through the vasty void of space the atoms of the earth and air and sea, and liquid flame as well, were gathered into shape: and how from these primordial germs all nature, ay, and e'en the ether's fusile orb consistence gained: how then the ground grew hard and firm, and shut off Nereus in his sea, and by degrees began to take new shapes: how now the earth was with amazement struck to see the sun shine higher than ³before, and how from clouds withdrawn from earth the showers came down, as soon as e'er the woods began to rise, and beasts by twos and threes roamed o'er the mountains strange to them, to which they, too, were strange. ⁴And after that he tells of stones by Pyrrha thrown, of Saturn's reign, the eagle on the rock of

¹ *Ismarus* was a mountain in Thrace.

² 31—40. The song of Silenus commences with a description of the formation of the world from the four elements, the separation of land and water, of sky and earth, and the production of vegetable and animal life. *Semina terrarum* are the atoms out of which the four elements are formed.

³ *I. e.*, before the elements of the sun and moon were disengaged from those of the earth.

⁴ 41—60. He sings of the creation and early history of man; of Deucalion and Pyrrha, who were supposed to have repopled the world after the deluge, by flinging stones behind them; of the reign of Saturn; of Prometheus, the mystic former of man from clay, who animated him by stealing fire from heaven, for which he was chained to a rock on Caucasus, where an eagle or vulture fed upon his entrails until slain by Hercules; of the beautiful youth Hylas, who accompanied Hercules on the Argonautic expedition, and who, on drawing water at a spring, was carried off by Nymphs, and long sought for by Hercules in vain; and of Pasiphaë, the wife of Minos, king of Crete, and mother of the Minotaur by a bull, which Venus had inspired her with a passion for through hatred, and how she followed the bull vainly through the woods, and prayed the wood-nymphs to impede his course.

Caucasus, and of Prometheus' theft. To this he adds a narrative of how the sailors cried on Hylas at the fountain left, and how all down the shore the echo 'Hylas!' 'Hylas!' rang: he tells what solace found Pasiphaë—blest had there been no herds—in her love for a snow-white bull. 'Ah! hapless girl,' *he sang*, 'what folly has distraught thee so?'

"¹The Proetides with counterfeited lowing filled the country round, though still not one sought union so monstrous with a beast, though they had dreaded ploughs² yoked to their necks, and oft had sought for horns upon a forehead where 'twas smooth enough. 'Ah, hapless girl! thou roamest o'er the mountains now: while he, his snowy sides reclined upon soft hyacinths, chews 'neath the dark holm-oak the pale-green grass, or follows some cow in the mighty herd. Ye nymphs, ye nymphs of Crete (*she cried*), close now, yes, close your forest glades, in hope that by some chance the straying footprints of the bull may meet my gaze: for him, perhaps delighted with the verdant pasturage, now following the herd, some cows lead to³ Gortynian stalls.'"

"Then sings Silenus of the maid who wondered at the golden apples of th' Hesperides, and then *in song* surrounds with mossy overgrowth of bitter bark the sisters of the younger Phaethon, and raises from the

¹ The daughters of Proetus, punished by Juno with madness for their pride, fancied they were cows, but never went to the lengths Pasiphaë did.

² 50. *Collo* is the dative.

³ Gortyna was a very ancient city of Crete.

⁴ 61—73. Next he tells of the story of Atalanta, famed for her swiftness in the race, beaten at last through a stratagem by Hippomenes, who married her. He tells, too, the myth of the sisters of Phaethon, who were supposed to have found their brother's dead body on the banks of the Eridanus, and, bewailing him there for four months, to have been turned into alders or poplars, and their tears into amber.

ground tall alder-trees. Then sings he how one of the Muses' sisterhood led Gallus, as he wandered by ¹Permessus' stream, up to the Aonian hills, and how Apollo's band all rose in honour of the hero, and how ²Linus then addressed him thus: "O shepherd of the godlike strains, whose locks are decked with flowers and with pungent parsley crowned, to thee the Muses give this pipe (here, take it), which before they gave to ³Ascrea's ancient bard, with which he used to draw the stout ash-trees down from the mountains by his strains.

"On this pipe be there sung by thee the origin of the Grynean grove, that there may be no other wood in which Apollo feels more pride."

Why should I mention ⁴how he sang of Nisus' daughter Scylla, who, as tells the old myth, had her fair loins girt with barking monsters, and distressed

¹ *Permessus* was a river rising in Mount Helicon, in Boeotia. *Aonias*: the Muses were called *Aonias*, from the Aonian or Boeotian hills, of which Helicon, their birthplace, was one. The incongruous introduction of a supposed interview between Caius Cornelius Gallus, a Roman poet and friend of Virgil, is intended to increase the compliment to Varus, and finds a precedent in Ovid's story of Philemon and Baucis.

² Linus was the mythic son of Apollo and Terpsichore, and instructor of Orpheus and Hercules.

³ Hesiod is meant, who was born at Ascrea, a village near Mount Helicon in Boeotia.

⁴ Gallus translated or imitated the poem of Euphorion of Chalcis, on the origin of the grove of Grynium, in Aeolia. A serpent had been killed there by Apollo; the town was founded by Gryneus, son of Eurypylus, in consequence of an oracular response, and its grove was the scene of the death of Chalcas, when defeated by a rival augur.

⁵ 74. *Ut narraverit* is understood from 78, and *fama secuta est* = fama est apud posteros. *Dulichias*, from Dulichia, one of the Echinades in the Ionian sea. 75—86. The end of Silenus' song tells the story of Scylla, daughter of Nisus, whose lower parts were changed into those of a sea monster, and who was the terror of Ulysses' ships; and of Tereus, king of Thrace, husband of

Ulysses and his ships, and on the ocean floods, alas! the shuddering sailors tore with her sea-dogs; or why tell how he sang the story of the metamorphosis of Tereus, the sad feast and grievous offering that Philomela made for him; the speed with which she to the desert flew; the fluttering with which, poor wretch, she hovered, ere she *flew away*, around her home? He sings all that, when Phoebus erst played on the lute, Eurotas heard, blest to have heard such strains, and bade its laurels learn them well: the echoing vales still bore the sound to heav'n, until the evening star bade all the swains muster their flocks within the folds and tell their numbers o'er, and till it shewed its light in heaven, loth to lose *that song divine*.

Philomela, and brother of Procne, whom he violated, when his wife served up to him his son Itys, and presented the head and extremities to him after his meal: when Tereus was changed into an owl, Procne into a swallow, Philomela into a nightingale, and Itys into a pheasant. In a word, Silenus sings of all that Phoebus used to sing by Sparta's stream Eurotas to his own loved Hyacinthus, handsome Spartan youth; nor does he cease till evening warns the shepherds home.

ECLOGUE VII.

MELIBŒUS :—MELIBŒUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS.

ARGUMENT.

THIS Eclogue is another singing match between Corydon and Thyrsis, with Daphnis as umpire. It ends in the decisive defeat of Thyrsis. The story is told by Melibœus, and of the rivals we learn nothing, as he was not present until the terms of the match had been arranged. It is partly an imitation of the 6th and 8th Idyls of Theocritus, and is all probably imaginary, after his style. There is, as usual, nothing definite in the scenery. Arcadian shepherds sing in the neighbourhood of the Mincius, while neither the holm-oak, pine, chestnut, nor flock of goats seem to belong to Mantua.

MELIBŒUS. ¹It happened that beneath the whispering holm-oak Daphnis had sat down, and Corydon and Thyrsis had their flocks together driv'n : Thyrsis the sheep, and Corydon the she-goats, with their udders swelling out with milk, both in their prime, Arcadians both, ²prepared alike to take the first or second part in amoebæan strains. Towards their seat, while I was trying to protect the tender myrtles from the ³cold, the leader of the herd (and ⁴so, of course, the herd) had strayed from me, ⁵when I spy Daphnis

¹ 20. *M.* I was just going to look after a stray he-goat, when Daphnis asked me to come and listen to a singing match that had been arranged between Corydon the goatherd and Thyrsis the shepherd, at which he was to be umpire. I agreed at last, and they began to sing.

² *Pares* goes with *parati* in the sense of *pariter*.

³ *I. e.*, the cold frosts of spring.

⁴ *Ipsæ* implies this.

⁵ *Atque* = *quum*.

there. And when he sees me stand in front of him, he cries, "Come hither, Meliboeus, with all speed—thy he-goats and thy kids are safe and sound—and rest beneath the shade, if thou canst spare brief space for rest. For hither of their own accord thy steers will come across the mead to drink: for here the Mincius its banks shades with a fringe of tender reeds; and swarms of bees are buzzing from the oak Jove loves." What could I do? for I had no Alcippe then, no Phyllis to shut up the lambs at home when weaned: and, then, this match 'twixt Corydon and Thyrsis was no trivial affair. However, I postponed my business to their sport. So, then, they both began their match in ²amoebaeae strains, for to bethink them of the amoebaeae strains their Muses chose. First, Corydon sang these, and then in turn Thyrsis replied with those.

CORYDON. Ye Nymphs, beloved by me, that haunt ¹Libethra's spring, or grant to me a song like that ye to my 'Codrus gave—for he makes verses that are next in merit to Apollo's own—or (since we cannot all accomplish this) here on the branches of the sacred pine my tuneful pipe shall hang.

THYRSIS. Ye swains of Arcady, with ivy deck your rising poet's brow, so that with envy ⁵Codrus' heart

¹ *Corydon cum Thyrside* is in apposition with *certamen*.

² The chief characteristic of amoebaeae strains is that the second of the competitors should reply to the first, in the same number of verses, on the same or a similar subject. The Muses were mythologically connected with Memory, who was said to be their mother.

³ 21—28. *Cor.* Ye Muses, grant that I may sing like Codrus, for, if not, I give the art of singing up. *Thyr.* Crown me in spite of Codrus' envy, and protect me 'gainst his evil tongue. For Codrus, see 5—11. Libethra, Libethrus, or Libethrum, was a fountain in Helicon with a cavern.

⁴ *Carmina* is understood from *carmen* with *proxima*.

⁵ Literally: so that Codrus may be broken-winded through envy.

may break: or, if he shall have praised me more than suits the gods, with foxglove bind my brow, that so his evil ¹tongue may injure not the bard that is to be.

CORYDON. 'Thee, Delia, the stripling Micon with this head of bristling boar and branching horns of long-lived stag presents (if this success in hunting should prove permanent), thou shalt, in polished marble carved, a full-length statue stand, with purple buskins fastened to thy legs by strings.

THYRSIS. 'Priapus, 'tis enough for thee t' expect a bowl of milk and cakes like these each year that comes: for this my garden that thou guardest is but poor. Now, as the times are bad, I have in marble carved thee, but thou shalt a golden statue have if but the lambing season give me a large flock.

CORYDON. 'Thou, Nereid Galatea, sweeter, as I think, than Hybla's thyme, more white than swans, more beautiful than pale-white ivy, if thou for thy Corydon dost care, come soon as e'er the oxen, fed, shall to their stalls return.

THYRSIS. Nay, but to thee (my love) may I more bitter seem than ⁶celery-leaved crowfoot, and more

¹ Extravagant praise was considered likely to excite the anger of the gods.

² 29—36. *Cor.* Micon presents Diana or Delia with a boar's head and stag's horns, and promises a marble statue if his success in hunting should continue. *Thyr.* Priapus, cakes and milk alone, as I am poor, I give to thee: now hast thou but a marble statue, but if *lambing* turn out well, a golden one thou shalt possess.

³ Priapus, a god of gardens, came originally from Lampsacus, a city of Mysia, on the Hellespont.

⁴ 37—44. *Cor.* Sweet Galatea, lovelier than all besides in nature, come when evening falls to see thy Corydon. *Thyr.* May I be hated more than aught besides in nature if I can endure to be away from thee another moment! Go ye home, my herds.

⁵ Its leaves are so acrid that they produce inflammation when applied externally. Those who ate it had their faces distorted into the proverbial sardonic smile.

rough than butcher's broom, more worthless than the sea-weed thrown to rot upon the shore: if this day do not seem to me already longer than a whole year's course. Ye oxen, stay your feeding and go home; if ye feel shame at all, go home.

CORYDON. ¹Ye springs that gush from mossy rocks, grass softer e'en than sleep, and the green strawberry-tree which covers you with its sparse shade, protect my flock against the sun's fierce rays; the summer's parching heat approaches now; the buds now swell on the luxuriant vine-shoots.

THYRSIS. Here is a hearth, and oily pine-torches: here aye abundant fire: and here the door-posts aye are blackened o'er with constant soot: here care we for the north wind's chilling blasts as little as the wolf how many sheep he meets, or torrent-streams heed river-banks.

CORYDON. ²See, there stand junipers and prickly chestnuts; see, beneath each tree its own fruit lies strewn all around; all nature now is bright and gay: yet if from these hills beautiful Alexis be away, one would see even rivers dry.

THYRSIS. The field is parched; the grass athirst is withering beneath the pestilential air; and Bacchus with a niggard hand gives to the hills the vine-leaf's shade: yet if my darling Phyllis come, each grove will burst forth into bloom, and Jove will 'from his sky descend in fructifying show'rs.

¹ 45—52. *Cor.* My flocks shall have water, pasturage, and shade; summer is now at its greatest heat and beauty. *Thyr.* Here we sit by our warm fireside, and care naught for the cold.

² 53—60. *Cor.* Now is the fruit all ripe, all is luxuriant, yet all will seem quite blighted if Alexis be away. *Thyr.* Everything is parched; but Phyllis, if she come, will bring fertility and most refreshing rain.

³ *Quaeque* for *quaque* must be explained by attraction.

⁴ The image is the marriage of *Jupiter* with *Juno*, of *Aether* with *Terra*. *Jupiter* is used of the air, G. i. 418.

CORYDON. 'The poplar is the fav'rite tree of Hercules, the vine is Bacchus' joy; the myrtle beauteous Venus loves, and Phoebus his own bay. Phyllis the hazel loves, and while the hazel Phyllis loves nor myrtle, no, nor Phoebus' bay the hazel shall surpass in my esteem.

THYRSIS. The ash, the fairest tree, is in the woods; the pine-tree in the orchards; on the river-banks the poplar, and upon the lofty hills the fir; though, if thou, handsome Lycidas, wouldst come to visit me more oft, the ash in its own woods, the pine in its own orchards, would then yield to thee.

MELIBOEUS. ¹These lines from memory I sing; and well I mind me Thyrsis was outmatched and strove in vain. And henceforth, as we judged, ²*the prince of bards* was Corydon, and all our talk of him.

¹ 61—68. *Cor.* Each deity some one tree loves; Phyllis the hazel, I, of course, the same. *Thyr.* Each spot has its own tree to grace it. Lycidas will grace all spots alike, more than all trees.

² 69, 70. Thyrsis was vanquished, and Corydon with fame immortal crowned.

³ *Primus*, or some such word, must be supplied; and the repetition of *Corydon* may be taken to show that his name was ever in the shepherds' mouths.

ECLOGUE VIII.

PHARMACEUTRIA :—DAMON, ALPHESIBOEUS.

ARGUMENT.

THIS poem is addressed to Pollio, and was written at the time of his victory over the Parthini in Illyricum. It contains the songs of two shepherds, Damon and Alpheisiboeus, the one representing a lover in despair at the faithlessness of his love, Nisa, who had placed her affections on a less worthy love, and finally resolving on suicide; the other in the character of a woman abandoned by her lover for a time, and trying to recover his love by enchantments, which ultimately succeed. It is also an imitation of Theocritus.

¹THE past'ral strains of Damon and Alpheisiboeus, whom the heifer, as they vied in amoebaeon verse, forgetful of her pasturage, in wonder listened to, at whose strains lynxes stood struck with amaze, and streams reversed, their courses ²checked,—yes, strains of Damon and Alpheisiboeus I will sing. ³O Pollio, whether thou now art passing by the rocky land on broad 'Timavus' stream, or coastest by the shores of the Illyrian sea, oh! will that day e'er come when I shall be allowed to hymn thy deeds of high renown. I wonder if 'twill ever be permitted me to make known through the world thy tragedies, that are

¹ 1—5. My theme the songs of Damon and Alpheisiboeus, which charmed all who heard them, whether animate or not.

² *Requiescunt* is active.

³ 6—16. This poem is for Pollio, to celebrate his coming back in triumph home. Oh, had I hopes to celebrate him worthily! All I can offer, as it is, are these few lines he bade me write. Day broke as Damon thus began to sing.

⁴ The Timavus was a river in Istria.

alone fit to uphold the stately style of Sophocles. With thee my song begins, and in thy praise that song commenced shall end. Receive the song begun as thou didst bid, and let this ivy round thy temples be entwined amid the victor's bay. The cooling shades of night had scarcely left the sky, when dew-drops on the tender blade of grass are most delightful to the sheep, when, resting on his polished olive-staff, thus Damon 'gan to sing.

DAMON. ¹Rise, morning star, and usher in with speed the fostering day, while I pour forth my plaint, deceived in a fond husband's love for Nisa, which she was not worthy of; and though I have gained nought from the gods' testimony, still in my last moments, ere I die, I now address the gods. My pipe, begin in harmony with me, Arcadian strains. Mount Maenalus aye has a grove that's musical, and pines that echo with the shepherds' songs: it ever listens to the loves of swains in song, and Pan, who first forbade that reeds should longer idle be. Begin, my pipe, in harmony with me, Arcadian strains. Yes, Mopsus Nisa is to wed: what may we not expect to see in love? Soon ²griffins shall with horses mate, and, in the age to come, the timid deer shall come to drink with hounds. Begin, my pipe, in harmony with me, Arcadian strains.

³New torches, Mopsus, for thy wedding cut: a wife is being now brought home to thee; come, husband,

¹ 17—31. *Damon*. Come, day, restorer of all things, I mourn for Nisa's broken faith, and, as a dying man, I cry to heaven for aid. Arcadia is the land of pastoral poetry: Pan and the swains sing there. My Nisa is to Mopsus wed: ill-omened and unnatural union. Yes, Mopsus has a bridegroom's honours now.

² Herodotus mentions griffins as lions with eagles' heads, and wings.

³ 30. The bridegroom is told to get ready fresh torches for his own wedding. Nuts were thrown by the bridegroom among the boys carrying the torches as the bride approached. The signal

scatter nuts among the boys; for Hesperus is quitting Oeta's heights to give thee joy. Begin, my pipe, in harmony with me, Arcadian strains. ¹O, Nisa, wedded to a worthy mate, as long as thou despisest all the swains, as long as thou dost hate my pipe, my she-goats, my moustache, and my long beard, and dost imagine that not one of all the gods cares aught for this our mortal state. Begin, my pipe, in harmony with me, Arcadian strains. I saw thee when thou wast a tiny girl—for I was then the guide of both thy mother and thyself, as thou did'st help thy mother to pull apples with the morning dew upon them in our orchard here, and I was² turned eleven years old,³ and could just reach the boughs and snap them off when standing on the ground: and when I saw thee, how I was undone! by what a baleful madness were my senses then distraught! Begin, my pipe, in harmony with me, Arcadian strains.

⁴Love's nature now I know. On rugged rocks him Tmaros' mount, or Rhodope, or the far-distant Garamantes, brought to birth, a boy belonging not to human race, nor sprung from human blood. Begin,

for the commencement of the ceremony is the rising of the evening star above the mountain range of Oeta, between Thessaly and Macedonia.

¹ 33—43. A suitable match this for Nisa, who deserves such punishment for her scorn of my rusticity, and for her faithlessness to me. It was in my childhood, Nisa, when I first saw thee, when to our orchard thou to gather apples camest, and that moment was my fate.

² *Accipere* is the correlative of *inire*.

³ *Alter*=*secundus*; reckoning inclusively, the year will be the twelfth.

⁴ 43—52. Now know I what love is; nought human but the savage growth of desert wastes: *edunt*=*parentes sunt*. *Tmaros*, a mountain in Epirus. *Rhodope* was a mountain range in Thrace; the *Garamantes*, a tribe in the interior of Africa. The cruelty of Love is an old story; he made Medea kill her children, though hard must her heart have been.

my pipe, in harmony with me, Arcadian strains. It was this cruel love that taught a mother how to stain her hands in children's blood, though hard indeed that mother's heart. Pray, was the mother's cruelty or the boy's wickedness the worse? Wicked indeed that boy, but cruel thou, ¹Medea, wast. Begin, my pipe, in harmony with me, Arcadian strains.

²Now let the wolf in his turn shun the sheep, let the rough oak bear golden apples, let the alder with narcissus bloom, and let the tamarisks distil rich amber from their bark; yes, let the screech-owl vie e'en with the swan, let Tityrus be Orpheus—yes, be Orpheus in the woods, ³Arion mid the dolphins' shoals (Begin, my pipe, in harmony with me, Arcadian strains); let earth be turned e'en into a deep sea. Farewell, ye woods, for headlong from the look-out on this dizzy mountain height I'll throw myself into the sea; take, Nisa, this my death as my last dying gift. My pipe, cease now, yes, cease the Arcadian strains. Thus Damon sang. Ye Muses, tell the answering lay Alpheisiboeus gave: we have not all ability for everything alike.

⁴ALPHEISIBOEUS. ⁵Bring lustral water forth, and wreathe these altars here with fillets of soft wool;

¹ 49. *Mater* refers, as *matrem*, to Medea, the celebrated sorceress who assisted her lover Jason in obtaining the golden fleece. She killed the children she had by Jason, and burned the bride, Creusa, to death in her palace, when repudiated for her by Jason.

² 53—62. Let nature's order henceforth be reversed: the barren things be fruitful, and the base in honour held. Let earth be turned to sea. I will at least my death find in the sea, and Nisa may rejoice in my sad end.

³ A celebrated harpist of Methymna in Lesbos, rescued from drowning by a dolphin.

⁴ 63, 64. The reply of *Alpheisiboeus*. Virgil, after delivering Damon's song in his own person, calls on the Muses to give the answering lay.

⁵ *A.* 65—69. Bring lustral water forth; with wool I wreathe the altar; throw sacred boughs and frankincense into the flames

burn unctuous ¹boughs and plants and finest frank-incense, that I may try to make my lover's sober senses mad with love by these my magic rites: nought here is wanting but the magic song. Bring Daphnis home from Mantua, my magic strains, bring Daphnis home.

²These magic strains can draw the moon e'en from the sky. By magic strains Circe transformed Ulysses' crew; cold snakes asunder in the meadows burst by magic strains. Bring Daphnis home from Mantua, my magic strains, bring Daphnis home. Three threads that differ with three hues distinct in kind I first twine round thy form, and thrice in effigy I carry round these altars *thee*: the god delights in ³numbers odd. Bring Daphnis home from Mantua, my magic strains, bring Daphnis home. 'Twine, Amaryllis, twine three colours in three knots; just

I try to win my lover back by magic's power; for this there needs a magic strain.

The maiden, whose lover is away at Mantua, stands before the altar, and is about to commence. She bids her attendant, Amaryllis, bring the water out into the *impluvium*.

¹ *Verbenae* are all sorts of herbs and boughs used for decking sacrificial altars.

² 70—78. How wonderful the force of magic song! It can the snake asunder burst, bring down the moon, and change mankind to brutes. I twine three threads of varied hues round Daphnis' effigy, and this I bear thrice round the altar, for there is a magic force in the number *three*. Let them be woven in a love-knot.

³ The superstition was that odd numbers were immortal because they could not be divided into two equal parts, and that the even ones were mortal.

⁴ 78—91. Amaryllis, make three knots, each of a thread with a different colour. I throw clay, wax, and bay-leaves into the fire, each to work a corresponding influence on Daphnis. May Daphnis' longing be like the heifer's, who, tired with her vain search for her mate, sinks down upon the grass, and goes not to her stall at night. 81. The rhyme is meant to imitate the jingle used in charms.

twine them, Amaryllis, and say, "Love-knots these I twine." As this clay hardens and as this wax softens in the selfsame fire, just so may Daphnis through his love for me (*to me grow yielding, but to others hard*)! Now sprinkle meal and burn the crackling laurel-boughs with pitch. Daphnis *with unrequited love my heart* burns cruelly, and I in Daphnis' case this laurel burn. Bring Daphnis home from Mantua, my magic strains, bring Daphnis home. May such a longing Daphnis' heart possess as will possess a heifer when, spent with the search for her loved bull through grove and forest deep, she throws her down by some stream's banks on the green sedge in her despair, nor thinks of e'er withdrawing from the deepening shades of night. May such a longing Daphnis' heart possess, and may I care not to that longing satisfy! Bring Daphnis home from Mantua, my magic strains, bring Daphnis home. ¹Some time ago that traitor to his love left me these clothes, dear pledges of himself, and now e'en on my threshold them to thee, earth, I commit: these pledges Daphnis bind to come himself. Bring Daphnis home from Mantua, my magic strains, bring Daphnis home. ²These poison-plants, in Pontus culled, the noted Moeris gave to me: in Pontus herbs like these abundant grow. By aid of these have I seen Moeris oft transform himself into a wolf, and in the forest disappear from sight: oft have I seen him summon spirits from recesses of their tombs, and charm ³away the crops when sown. Bring Daphnis home from Mantua, my magic strains,

¹ 92—101. These things he left I'll bury at my door, in hopes that they will bring him back. These poison-plants I had from the great Moeris, who could by their help transform himself, could conjure spirits up, and charm the crops away.

² *Herbas atque venena* is a hendiadys.

³ *Alio*, elsewhither, i. e., to another field.

bring Daphnis home. Bring ashes, Amaryllis, out of doors, and throw them o'er thy head into the running stream, and do not look behind: these are the pow'rs with which I Daphnis shall assail, for he cares nought for gods and naught for magic strains. Bring Daphnis home from Mantua, my magic strains, bring Daphnis home. ¹See actually of its own accord (while I delay to carry it) the ash with quivering blaze has seized upon the altars. And a lucky omen may it prove. 'Tis something surely, for upon the threshold Hylax barks. Can I believe it, or do lovers frame themselves mere dreams of bliss? It is. Cease now, my magic strains, cease now, for Daphnis comes from Mantua.

¹ 108—110. At last a good sign shows itself. The ashes suddenly flare up. It must be so; and e'en the dog is barking now. Can it be Daphnis? Yes, it is. Cease now, my magic strains.

ECLOGUE IX.

MOERIS :—LYCIDAS, MOERIS.

ARGUMENT.

THIS Eclogue is a poetical petition to Varus or Octavianus. After obtaining a promise of protection, Virgil returned to his property, but found his entrance resisted, and even his life threatened, by a soldier who had taken possession, called variously Milienus Toro, Arrius, or Claudius. He fled, and again appealed to the higher powers for protection, which was granted. Moeris, one of the farm-labourers, goes to Mantua to give some of the farm produce to the then usurping owner, when Lycidas, a neighbour, meets him, and learns the history of his and his master's troubles, and sympathizes with him at the narrow escape from death that Virgil had met with; some of the poet's verses being quoted to show the extent of the loss all would have suffered had he perished, while Virgil's successful return is mentioned as likely to produce further poems. Varus and Cæsar are both complimented.

LYCIDAS. ¹And whither, Moeris, are your foot-steps bound, or whither is your journey now—to Mantua?

MOERIS. O Lycidas, we've lived to see (a sight we dreaded ne'er before) an alien owner of our fields declaring, "This is mine: ye former occupiers, get you gone." So, overpowered now and sad, since all is ordered now by chance, my master sends by me

¹ 1—16. *L.* Whither bound, Moeris—to Mantua? *M.* We have lived to be ousted by an intruder: I am now bearing this gift to him. *L.* I thought your master had by his verses saved his property. *M.* So the world thought; but soldiers care nought for poetry: we were nearly killed.

Ducunt is the ellipsis after *pedes*.

these kids, a gift for him, and may it prove no lucky one.

LYCIDAS. But surely I had heard that by his poetry Menalcas saved his property entire, from where the hills begin to rise upon the plain, and where a mountain height descends with gentle slope right to the stream, and ancient beech-trees with their tops now broke.

MOERIS. Yes, so you did, and so the story went; but, Lycidas, the poetry my master writes avails amid the soldiers' darts and spears as little as they say the struggles of ¹Dodona's doves when eagles on them swoop. But had the crow appearing on the left not warned me from the hollow holm-oak's branch to stop some way all litigation, nor your good friend Moeris here, nor e'en Menalcas, would be now alive.

LYCIDAS. ²Alas! does such a dreadful crime belong to any man alive? Alas! Menalcas, how the solace of thy strains were all but snatched away from us with thee? Who then would sing the Nymphs? who strew the ground with blooming plants, or screen the fountains with green shade? ³or who would sing the songs I silently but lately stole from 'thee when thou to Amaryllis didst direct thy steps, that darling of us swains? (*I mean the strain*), "Feed, Tityrus, my flocks, while I am on the journey home (not long the way); yes, feed my she-goats,

¹ *Chaonias*. 13. The *Chaones* lived in the north-west of *Epirus*. The reference is to *Dodona*, which was in *Epirus*.

² 17—25. *L.* Was Menalcas so near death? Who could write verses like his, such as those of his where he commends his sheep to Tityrus?

³ *Caneret* must be supplied in thought.

⁴ *Tibi* refers to Menalcas, who goes to visit Amaryllis, and asks Tityrus to take care of his goats till he comes back. Lycidas hears him singing, and catches the words and the air.

and drive them when fed to drink; and as thou drivest, Tityrus, take care not to go near the goat, for he butts with his horn."

MOERIS. ¹Nay, these you mean which he to Varus sang, and that, too, ere they were complete: "Varus, the swans shall, as they sing, bear thy name upwards to the stars, if only Mantua be left to us; yes, Mantua, alas! ²too near Cremona's hapless town."

LYCIDAS. As thou dost hope that all thy swarms of bees may shun the yews of Corsica, as thou dost hope thy cows, fed with lucerne, may swell their udders out with milk, begin, if thou know'st aught to sing. The Muses have made me a poet too; I, too, have strains to sing. The shepherds call me, too, "*inspired bard*;" but I believe them not. For I don't think that I sing yet strains fit for ³Varius or Cinna to read o'er; but by mere cackling like a goose I seem to spoil the melody of tuneful swans.

MOERIS. ⁴'Tis that, indeed, I'm thinking of, and in my silent thoughts revolving, Lycidas, in hopes that I may recollect the strain; for it is one worth knowing well:—

"Come hither, Galatea, for what sport canst thou

¹ 26—36. *M.* Or rather the lines he wrote to Varus about sparing Mantua? *L.* As you hope for a farmer's blessings, let me hear more of such verses. I am something of a poet, too, though me the shepherds overrate.

² Although Mantua was forty miles from Cremona, it suffered for its proximity; as Octavius Musa, who had been appointed to fix the boundaries, finding the territory of Cremona insufficient, assigned the soldiers fifteen miles' length of the Mantuan district, in revenge for an offence formerly given him by the inhabitants.

³ Varius was a tragic actor and writer of epic poetry. Caius Helvius Cinna was a friend of Catullus, and a Roman poet.

⁴ 37—45. *M.* I am trying to recollect. Here are some lines in which he asks Galatea to quit the sea, come on shore, and enjoy the glories of spring. *L.* What do you say to that song of his I heard you singing to yourself the other night?

find in the waves? Here have we blooming spring; here round the streams the ground sends up abundant flow'rs of varied hues; here the white poplar overhangs the grot, and pliant vines a natural bower form. Come hither; let the wild waves beat upon the strand."

LYCIDAS. What say'st thou to those strains of his I heard thee singing by thyself beneath the clear night air? ¹The tune I well remember, had I but the words.

MOERIS. Daphnis, ²why gazest thou up at the rising of the ancient stars? See there the star of Julius, from Venus sprung, has shown itself, that star through which the fields exult in plenteous crops, from which the grape derives its dark hues on the sunny hills. Graft pear-trees, Daphnis; thy posterity shall pluck fruit grown upon thy trees. Time bears all things away, e'en memory; for I remember oftentimes when a boy I saw long summer suns go down while singing still, but now I have forgotten³ all those strains: e'en voice itself fails Moeris, now; the wolves saw Moeris ⁴first. But still Menalcas will repeat those strains to thee as often as thou wilt.

¹ In the phrase *memini—si tenerem*, the conditional clause is connected with something understood like this: *et carmen ipsum revocarem*.

² 46—55. *M.* The Julian star is best of all; it tells one when to sow and plant and graft. Memory, though once so good, now fails me; ay, and voice as well: but still Menalcas will gratify your wish.

47. The allusion is to the comet which appeared when Octavianus was holding games in honour of Julius, a year after his death.

In 46 *antiquos signorum ortus* is equivalent to *antiquorum signorum ortus*.

³ 53. *Oblita* is used passively, a use extremely rare.

⁴ 54. A man meeting a wolf, and not catching its eye first, was supposed to be struck dumb.

LYCIDAS. ¹Thou'rt putting off my wish for some long time by making this excuse. And now the sea is calm and still for thee to sing; and see, each breeze of rustling wind is hushed: from this spot, then, but half our way remains to walk, for now ²Bianor's tomb begins to rise to view. Here, Moeris, here, where husbandmen the thickly-covered boughs strip of their leaves, let us two sing; here lay thy kids down, for we, after all, shall both reach Mantua. Or if we be afraid lest clouds at night should gather rain ere we arrive, we may still travel straight on as we sing; the journey's weariness tells less on those who sing. I will relieve thee of this ³load, that we may singing onward go.

MOERIS. Youth, ⁴say and sing no more; and let us now our urgent business do; we then shall sing our strains more suitably when he ⁵shall have come back himself.

¹ 56—67. *L.* Don't put me off; all is now hushed around us, and we're half-way to the town, we can afford to stop: or, if you want to get on faster, we can sing e'en as we walk. *M.* Better pay attention to our present business, and leave singing till we see Menalcas again.

² Bianor was the same as Ocnus, the founder of Mantua.

³ *I.e.*, the kids, which were carried in some sort of bundle.

⁴ 66. *Plura* may agree with *carmina* as well as *verba* understood.

⁵ 67. *Ipse* means the author of the songs, or Moeris' master.

ECLOGUE X.

GALLUS.

ARGUMENT.

THIS Eclogue is devoted entirely to the praise of Caius Cornelius Gallus, who, like Varus, is said to have been Virgil's early associate and fellow-student under Syro. He had been appointed by the triumvirs to collect money from those Transpadane towns, the lands of which were not to be confiscated, and that, together with his acknowledged intimacy with Pollio, is quite enough to account for his friendship with Pollio's *protégé*. He was then known as a poet and lover, having written four books of elegies, chiefly addressed to his mistress, Lycoris, besides translating some of the poems of Euphorion. The identification of the shepherd and poet is most rudely and confusedly managed. The subject is the hopeless and engrossing love of Gallus for his mistress, Lycoris, who is represented as belonging to the pastoral company, was then known as a writer of elegies, and at the same time portrayed as a soldier and a shepherd, serving in the camp in Italy, and stretched beneath an Arcadian rock, with gods of the woods consoling him. This poem also is an imitation of Theocritus' Idyls. Virgil is supposed to tell the tale in song as he tends his goats, and as he rises to go home at evening, he intimates that his pastorals are now complete. The scenery is Arcadian.

¹ GRANT, Arethusa (*fount lov'd by the swains*), that I may finish this last work of mine: a few lines in my Gallus' honour must be sung; but such as e'en Lycoris' self may read, for who to Gallus would refuse a song?

¹ 1—30. In Gallus' honour my last pastoral strain is sung; his love I sing here in the woods, with all my goats about me. Ah, why were the Nymphs away when their loved swain a-dying lay? All nature wept for him; his sheep for their lost shepherd mourned, the swains flocked round to hear his dying words. Phoebus, Silvanus, Pan, yes, all were there, and bade him brood no more o'er blighted hopes.

¹So may the briny Doris never mix her waves with thine, when thou shalt glide beneath Sicilian floods. Begin, the anxious loves of Gallus let me sing, while here my flat-nosed she-goats browse upon the tender hazel-twigs. I sing not to deaf ears; the woods repeat each verse I sing.

What groves, what glades, ye Naiad-nymphs possessed you then when Gallus lay a-dying through an unrequited love?

For neither did Parnassus' heights, nor ²Pindus' crags, nor yet Aonian ³Aganippe's fount detain you there. E'en laurels and e'en tamarisks for Gallus wept; yes, e'en pine-covered ⁴Maenalus and rocks of cool Lycaeus wept for him reclining 'neath his solitary cave. His sheep, too, stand around, and they regret not their connexion with us swains; so, ⁵god-like bard, feel thou no scorn of (*thy association with the*) flocks in poetry,—e'en beautiful Adonis fed sheep by the streams,—the shepherd also came; Menalcaas, dripping from his steeping ⁶acorns for the winter, came. All question thus: "Whence rose that love of thine?" Apollo came and said, "Why art so foolish, Gallus? She for whom thou carest so, Lycoris, through deep

¹ Doris, wife of Nereus and mother of the Nereids, is here put for the sea. The myth represents Alpheus pursuing Arethusa, a Nymph in the train of Diana, into Sicily; but Virgil apparently contemplates them as reconciled, and passing to and fro to visit each other, and he prays Arethusa to assist his tale of love, if she would have the course of her own love run smooth. The river Alpheus rises in Arcadia, unites with the Eurotas, then loses itself underground, and makes its appearance in Megalopolis. Its disappearance underground gave rise to the myth.

² Pindus was a lofty mountain in Thessaly.

³ Aganippe was a fountain at the foot of Mount Helicon.

⁴ Maenalus and Lycaeus were both mountains in Arcadia, sacred to Pan.

⁵ 17. Gallus is addressed as if he were a shepherd.

⁶ 20. Acorns were the winter food of cattle.

snow, through all the horrors of a camp, has followed some¹ one else." Silvanus came with rustic² ornament upon his head, (*and as he walked*) he shook his (*plume*) of fennel-flowers and of lilies tall. Pan came, the god of Arcady, and him I saw myself with blood-red berries of dwarf elder-trees, and with vermilion painted o'er. "Oh, will this grief e'er cease?" he cried; "Love cares not for such things; no, cruel Love is sated not with tears, nor grass with (*irrigating*) streams, nor bees with green lucerne, nor she-goats with stripped leaves." ³But he replied in sadness, thus: "Yet still, ye swains of Arcady, ye'll sing this (*tale of hopeless love*) upon your hills: the swains of Arcady alone know how to sing. And oh, how lightly would my bones rest then, did but your pipes hereafter celebrate my love! And oh! that I had been one of your band, the shepherd of some flock of yours, the dresser of some ripening vine: for then, no doubt, were Phyllis, or Amyntas, or whoever chanced, my love (and what though dark Amyntas be, dark is the violet, and dark the hyacinth), that love⁴ would 'neath the pliant vine⁵ with me recline among the willow-boughs, and while Amyntas sang, a garland for my brow would Phyllis cull. ⁶Lycoris, here are cooling springs, soft meadows here, and

¹ M. Antonius.

² 24. The *agrestis honor* was the fennel-flowers and lilies which nodded as he walked.

³ 31—43. So said they, and thus Gallus in reply: "Remember me, Arcadians, in your songs: would that I only had been one of you, living your life, and happy in some rustic love; for then Lycoris might herself have stayed with me."

⁴ 37 and 40. *Esset* and *jaceret* are used instead of the pluperfects, because what Gallus speaks of might then have been going on, if he had lived in Arcadia.

⁵ 40. Vines are trained on willows at the present day in Lombardy.

⁶ 37—43. Gallus in Arcadia might have found some rustic love, and ever counted on that love's society. Yet why not

here a grove: here, if with thee, I could wear out my life by mere decay; ¹but, as it is, a mad desire for service in rough battle-fields keeps me in armour clad, 'mid hurtling darts and foes arrayed in front: while thou, far from thy fatherland—would that I could refuse belief to facts so sad!—hard-hearted one! alone, not with myself beholdest Alpine snows and ice-bound waters of the Rhine. Oh, may the cold ne'er injure thee! Oh, may the rough ice never cut thy tender feet! I'll go and set to music on Sicilian shepherds' pipes the song which I've ²composed in the Chalcidian verse. I am resolved to choose to suffer in the woods and 'mid the wild beasts' lairs, and cut the story of my love upon the tender bark of trees; the trees will grow, and so shalt thou, the story of my love. Meantime, I mingling with the Nymphs will roam o'er Maenalus, or chase the fierce wild boar; no cold shall stay me from surrounding with my hounds the glades of Arcady. Methinks e'en now I pass o'er rocks through groves resounding (*with the hunters' cries,—methinks e'en now*) I love to shoot the Cretan ³arrow from the Parthian bow of horn; ⁴(*Vain dream*), as though, forsooth, this

live together with Lycoris in Arcadia, until old age shall bring decay?

¹ 44—49. But, as it is, I foolishly serve in war while 'you to wintry Alps have gone; and may the ice and frost of winter spare your life.

² 50—61. I will turn my translation of Euphron of Chalcis' poetry into pastorals, and write my love upon the bark of trees. I will hunt with the Nymphs or shepherds in the hope—alas! vain hope!—of cure.

³ Cydonia was an ancient town on the north coast of Crete.

⁴ 62—77. Yet vain it were to try a woodland life and pastorals; e'en violent changes never baffle love; to yield is all that we can do. Ye goddess nymphs, my pastoral for Gallus must now cease. May it be worthy of my ever-growing love for him! A shepherd must not linger in the shade too long; his flock at evening must be driven home.

were a remedy for my mad love; as though that god (*we know so well*) could learn to pity human woe! Already now no more the Hamadryad-Nymphs, nor even past'ral strains, give joy to me. Yes, e'en ye woods, begone from me again. No power of mine can change that god; no, not though I should drink of Hebrus' waters in the keenest frost; not though I bore a winter's snow and stormy sleet in Thrace; nor e'en though I should tend the Ethiopian's sheep 'neath Cancer's (*raging*) star when on the lofty elm-tree dies the wither'd bark (*e'en to the quick*). Love conquers all; let me, too, yield to love. And now, ye goddess-nymphs of Thessaly, 'twill be sufficient that your bard has sung these lays while sitting on the ground and weaving baskets with the slender mallow-twigs. These lays, ye Nymphs, ye'll make of highest worth in Gallus' eyes; in Gallus' eyes, I say, for hour by hour my love for him still grows, as fast as in the early spring green alders upwards shoot. Now let us rise. The shade oft injures those who sing beneath; and baleful is the shade of junipers; why, shade e'en to the crops does harm. Get fed, ye she-goats, and go home; the evening star shines forth; go home."

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